

THE ISLANDERS

BY

COLIN *AND*
PHILLIP HIGGINS

AKA SWAMIJI AND DR.

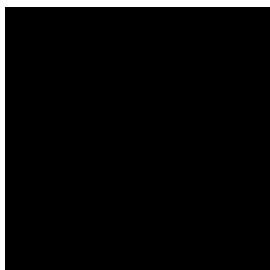
CHAPTER

He slipped quietly into the captain's chair and fingered the console. He was ready. All was ready.

Next stop would be Nassau, New Providence, Bahamas. Or perhaps Governor's Harbour, Eleuthera, Bahamas. It all depended on whether the airports were open and where he could find a welcoming landing strip.

Nassau airport was expecting them but Eleuthera would be fine too.

"Abracadabra 1234 you are clear for takeoff." The Chicago tower came in loud and clear over his headphones and he steered the sleek jet, a 2020 purchase, towards the takeoff runway.



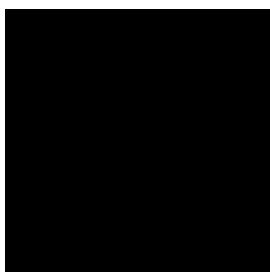
John was quite drunk. He lived alone on a large boat, moored in the harbor, and was well into his sixth bottle of Heineken beer.

He would soon begin his nightly sermon

"I take my text tonight from..."

John stood up, swaying, as his boat rocked from side to side.

He called out to the people walking back and forth on the nearby shore.



CHAPTER

As the super-yacht slid through ocean water, the staff went about their duties, unaware of the lurking danger.

The sunshine beamed down on the sun-bathers on the large deck.

The nearby helicopter, the speed boats and the other deck-side accoutrements of the trim vessel seemed to bask in the daylight.

Two dark shapes slowly took shape and resolved themselves into some sort of gunship and a jet - probably a fighter, thought Arul - the pleasure cruiser's owner.

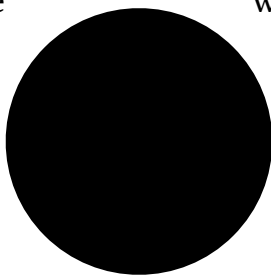
He immediately got up from his recliner on the deck and headed for the control cabin.

CHAPTER

Within minutes, the jet was airborne and the pilot set the sophisticated auto-pilot option and headed back into the plush interior.

He sat down in one of the four recliners and prepared for a short nap - 5 to 10 minutes.

Just before dozing off, the casually dressed pilot glanced out the window. Far in the distance, he could just make out a speck on the



glistening ocean.

John was now in full swing. He held a bottle of Bacardi in his left hand and a battered-looking Jerusalem Bible in his right. Because the Bible was so big and heavy, John had to keep it open and balanced.

He was now hoarse from shouting for three hours straight. But he was only warming up. John was now drawing on his debating and high school speechifying experience to draw in Plato, the ancient Egyptians and Ethiopians, the Israelites and Christianity, Gnosticism, Manichaeism, Masonry, Rasta, the Lucayans and the recent hurricane Anthony.

CHAPTER

Ricardo steered his bicycle down West Bay Street and glanced at the people on the nearby beach.

He looked over his right shoulder and saw the upcoming car. A loud vehicle horn shattered the air and Ricardo almost fell over.

He righted his bicycle and cut across the road.

Pulling up onto the beach, Ricardo hopped off and pulled the bright blue bicycle through the sand.

Suddenly, Ricardo stopped and looked out to sea. He felt, on some level, that there were some people who were calling him.



The pilot realized that the speck in the far distance was a fully outfitted pleasure cruiser. He could just make out a parked helicopter sitting on its helipad on the upper deck

"What the ...?"

He saw the deck open up and an object that looked like a machine gun, rise up and point his way.

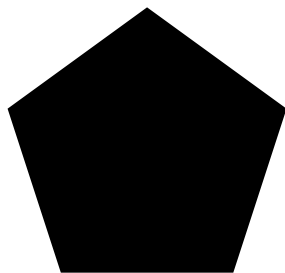
The plain-
were running
at the same time.
how young they
school boys.

He almost
their way but,
that he wasn't an obstruction, he kept strolling at his easy,
nonchalant pace.

Coco passed the magistrate's court, the Supreme Court,
police downtown headquarters, the shops and the huge
ancient tree, surrounded by stone benches.

clothed police officers
and loading their guns
Coco was struck with
appeared. Like

dashed out of
when he realized



John began winding up his sermon, six hours after he'd
begun. It was now fully dark and although a few curious
onlookers had gathered from time to time on-shore, to
listen and gawk at the strange sight, he had no real
audience.

"Now, let us pray..." John ended. He knelt down on one
knee and began a lengthy, emotional and extremely
personal prayer. He was talking to an old friend. In the

distance, unheard by anyone, a woman who'd been listening, let out a soft sob and began crying.

John had been in fine form tonight.

CHAPTER

The unmarked police car flew along the road and passed vehicle after vehicle.

All of a sudden it was behind the Range Rover.

Inside the Range Rover, a husband, wife, a six year old boy and a seventeen year old girl sat quietly.

The little boy felt that something was not quite right and peered through the rear window. The unmarked police car almost hit the Range Rover, then swerved around and passed it. As it flew by, a plain-clothed police officer craned his neck and glared at the little boy.

The boy caught sight of a long, black rifle barrel.

CHAPTER

In the captain's cabin, the control center of the pleasure craft, the three sailors looked around and stood erect as they recognized the ship's owner. He bounded in, his swimming trunks dripping wet, and shouted: "incoming possible hostiles! A plane and a speed-boat!!!"

**HE RAN TO A CONSOLE, TOUCHED
SOME BUTTONS AND IMMEDIATELY A
SECTION OF THE FOREDECK OPENED
UP AND A 5678 ASD - LOOKING MUCH
LIKE A BATTLESHIP MACHINE GUN
BUT MUCH MORE SOPHISTICATED -
ROSE UP AND LOCKED ON TO BOTH
THE ONCOMING SHIP AND JET.**

CHAPTER

Ricardo kept pushing his bicycle through the sand and imagined who could be calling him now. He latched on to several images: he saw a pleasure cruiser, a luxury self-flying jet, a family aboard a Range Rover and an inebriated loner, just about to toss a Jerusalem Bible out to sea.

CHAPTER

The speed boat pulled alongside the massive pleasure craft and John leaned out of the control cabin.

"Massa Johnson! Big storm coming! "

The cruiser's owner - who was named Klonzxeru, not Johnson - was still in the captain's cabin, but had not hit the "fie" button yet. Now he hit the "replace" button and the machine gun-looking contraption lowered itself below deck.

Above him, in the sleek jet, the pilot had decided to jet straight up and was now in the stratosphere, about to orbit the earth. Back in the control chair, he hit the coordinates for Eleuthera and reentered the main cabin with the four recliners.

Back in Miami, Coco felt that whoever the armed cops were chasing was about to get a nasty surprise.

In the Range Rover, the dad swerved the vehicle to the side of the road and stopped. He realized that he was shaking like a leaf in a storm.

Meanwhile, John pulled his head back into the speed boat cabin and wheeled the craft around. In seconds, he was off again.

CHAPTER

Ricardo began chanting the Mahamrityunjaya mantra, a Sanskrit sequence of words - and energy - that arrived

instantly in four places, distributed itself amongst the multiple beings present and returned to Ricardo.

Actually, the energy had never moved. It had been stimulated by thought and intention and simply surged - instantaneously.

After a few seconds of audible chanting, Ricardo continued pushing his bicycle. Then he hopped on and steered towards the Cable Beach Hotel, Miami Ltd.

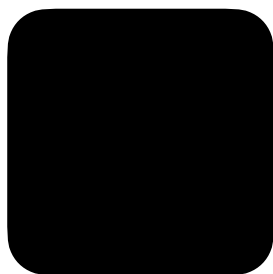


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ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Phillip Higgins, MD was born in London, England and is the father of four young adults. He enjoys golfing, early morning

Colin
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brother



reading and traveling.

Higgins is the founder of Atlantis One Love pictured above, on his Phillip's property.